

Unimpeachable Evidence.

(Original.)
"Are you John Borland?"
"Yes."
"You're wanted. Come along with me."

John Borland was a hardworking man, with a wife and seven little children. He was not getting on very well, and when a constable took him away accused of theft it was a sad blow to his family as well as to him.

"What does it mean, John?" his wife asked.
"I don't know," John replied.
"Well," she added, "there's some mistake, and it will be rectified. Keep up your pluck, John."

"But you and the children," he moaned.
"We'll get on," Jane Borland is not going to lie down."

"Plucky woman, that," remarked the constable to himself. Each one of Borland's children kissed him as he was led away.

A few days before this John Borland had been in the private office of Peter Silver canvassing for a fire insurance company. Silver had been called out and remained out for some time. Meanwhile John, becoming tired of waiting and having an appointment with another party, went away. The next day Silver missed \$50 from a tin box kept in a drawer in his desk. After racking his brains to think of an opportunity for some one to steal it, he remembered that Borland had been in his office alone with the money. He immediately swore out a warrant for the insurance solicitor's arrest.

Jane Borland made an effort to get bail for her husband and failed. She succeeded, however, in getting a trial for him within a reasonable time. One of the clerks swore that no one had been in the office while Silver was away except Borland.

The only witness called by the defendant's attorney—a young man just admitted to the bar—was Jane Borland.

"Mrs. Borland," he said, "did your husband give you any more money than usual for household expenses or any other purpose during the time of this robbery or soon after?"

"No, he did not."

"Was there any evidence that he had any more money than usual?"

"No, we were scraping along just the same as ever."

"Do you know that your husband was not in possession of any more funds than usual?"

"I do."

"After he has gone to sleep nights I always search his clothes," Borland stated. "He didn't have any money that night. He didn't have any money for several nights before or after that night either."

There was a titter among the spectators and several of the jurymen smiled.

"That will do," said the attorney, and he looked at the prosecutor as much as to say, "You may take the witness."

"Mrs. Borland," said the prosecutor, "why do you search your husband's clothes after he goes to sleep?"

"Why do women usually search their husbands' pockets?"

"You are on the stand to answer questions, not to ask them. Answer my question."

"Well, my husband finds it necessary to keep money about him for his ordinary expenses, such as car fare and lunch. Sometimes he keeps more than I consider necessary. Then sometimes he makes a commission that he forgets to turn over to me. I pay for what we have, so make sure that I get it all except what is absolutely necessary for him."

"And you are quite sure that you don't search his pockets to prevent him from spending the money in dissipation?"

"Quite sure."

"And you trust him?"

"Of course I do. He's always been fair with me and the children, denying himself a glass of beer when he is thirsty and often walking when he is tired to save car fare."

"This being the case, why do you not ask him to give you all the money he has in his pockets except a stated amount for his legitimate expenses without waiting till he has gone to sleep and then riding his clothes?"

"No woman would do that, sir."

"Why not?"

"Nothing irritates a man so much as to be called to account by his wife for the chicken feed he spends. And the more he sacrifices for his family the angrier such a course makes him. To take the money when he is asleep is a much better way."

There was a shout of laughter from the men present, and the judge as he rapped for order did so with a smile. It was evident that the wife's testimony was not to be shaken, and her womanly way of looking at the matter of taking care of the interests of her family captivated the jury. Without leaving their seats they pronounced John Borland not guilty, and he was discharged from custody.

As the couple left the room Borland looked shamefaced, as though he would have rather been convicted than endure the exposure of family secrets, while his wife was not only happy, but proud of the act that had won her husband his freedom. There was a clapping of hands to show the interest of the spectators in the family affair.

The clerk who testified that Borland was the only person in the office after Silver left it till his return afterward confessed that he himself was the thief.

BEVERLY WORTHINGTON.

Figure It Out.

"Why is it," remarked the observer of events and things, "that a man will make an awful face over an egg which sends the room and yet smile expectantly over a piece of cheese which does the same thing?"—Yonkers Statesman.

WIFE APPEALS FOR HELP

In Locating John K. Giddings of Pittsford

HE WENT AWAY LAST FALL

On November 9 He Drew \$200 Out of a Proctor Bank and Since Then Has Not Been Heard of by Mrs. Giddings.

Pittsford, Vt., March 13, 1908.

Editor Times: Under separate cover I am sending you marked copy of the Rutland, Vt., Herald, with a story of John Giddings, marked.

This man disappeared from home last fall, since which time nothing has been heard from him. His family are naturally anxious as to his whereabouts, and a story about him might fall into the hands of someone who know him, or would recognize him by the picture, if you cared to copy it.

If you will kindly send copy to me with any reference to this man that would help us locate him and relieve a distressed family.

Yours truly,

Mrs. John K. Giddings.

Under a suspense which only the knowledge of the whereabouts of the husband and son can relieve, Mrs. John K. Giddings and Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Giddings of Pittsford have been watching night and day since last November for return of the wanderer or at least some word from him. While suffering from a mental derangement brought about through overwork and worry about business affairs and his wife's ill health, John K. Giddings left his home in Pittsford November 9 last, without giving his family any notice, and in spite of the fact that his wife and parents have exerted every effort to locate him, they have been unable to trace him further than this city. Although they have nothing tangible on which to base such a belief, they feel that he is still alive and that they will see him again. His parents are broken in health through their grief and worry and his mother's greatest fear is that she will die before he is found. Mrs. Giddings, his wife, while relating the story yesterday to a Herald representative could not keep back the tears. The fear that Mr. Giddings believes that the family entertain resentment toward him because of his act and that they have made no effort to locate him enhances their grief.

John Kellogg Giddings is 40 years old, about five feet seven inches in height, weighs about 145 pounds, has a light complexion, blue eyes, dark brown hair, worn pompadour, and a light moustache. The third finger of the left hand is crooked at the second joint and cannot be straightened.

He left home on the afternoon of November 9, 1907, and drove to Proctor where he drew \$200 from the bank and then drove to Rutland, where his horse and buggy were found the next day in a feed stable. He was last seen at 11:45 o'clock on that night, opposite the railroad station, inquiry failing to disclose whether he boarded a train.

Mr. Giddings had had more than his share of hard luck. In 1906 the buildings on his farm in Pittsford, including an immense barn, the house and smaller structures were totally destroyed by fire and with them were burned his year's crop of hay, all of his farm tools and a quantity of grain. In the following year his wife died. He bought another farm and worked almost incessantly to make up for the loss occasioned by the fire. His second wife, whom he married seven years ago, was taken ill and underwent several operations at the Proctor hospital, where she was confined for nine months. In his efforts to keep up with his heavy expenses, Mr. Giddings worked almost night and day, but notwithstanding this he was obliged to borrow money on several occasions and finally gave so heavily in debt that a year ago he went through bankruptcy, his creditors receiving 100 cents on the dollar, and about \$800 remained after all debts were paid.

He then went to live with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Giddings, and worked on their farm until his disappearance. For some time before he left home he had been despondent, but he had never threatened to take his life or to leave home.

Mr. Giddings was a member of Otter Creek lodge of Masons at Pittsford and the members of this lodge have assisted in the search for him. Circulars bearing his picture and a history of the case were printed and sent to Masonic lodges throughout the country, but no clue was ever received. A detective agency in Boston was also called upon and the city searched thoroughly, as it was suspected that he might have gone there, but all to no purpose. The Giddings family has many relatives in the West and all of these were corresponded with, but through none of these efforts has the members of the family discovered the slightest clue.

"Mr. Giddings had three sons by his first wife, and the children and his second wife are now living with Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Giddings at Pittsford."

C. H. Thomas, father of his first wife, died January 31st, last.

"Any information concerning this man will be gratefully received by his family."

The Amatory Cruise.

The day she gave her heart to me I felt as one who's best of God, Through having made discovery Of Eden spot where none had trod.

No inhibition stayed my course, That heart hesitated at will I searched each fount of feeling's source I sought, and with adventure's thrill.

Her heart I'd roamed for hours, when lo, A faint footprint before me lay— Mute proof that long and long ago Some other's course had led that way.

A fairy, draped in sunbeam mists, My brow observed and to me said: "No habitable spot exists That hath not been inhabited."

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WOMAN'S WORLD

THE NECESSARY SNUB.

Bad Manners in Washington's High Social Set.

We remark a brief list of effective social snubs that have been administered in the nation's capital city. In one case the hostess thus addressed a girl who had failed to acknowledge an invitation: "I really did not expect to see you tonight, as you have never answered my notice of invitation, which I am aware you received." In another case the woman owner of an automobile who was going away was accosted by a friend with, "What shall I do without you this winter?" Her answer was, "Oh, I guess you'll walk."

In a third case a hostess frigidly greeted a man whom she had known abroad and then asked audibly, "Who is that person?" Several other cases were cited, in all but one of which a woman was the aggressor.

This list was headed "Bad Manners in Washington," but we are not sure that it was properly headed, for we recall similar lists bearing such captions as "Repertoire of Our Society Leaders," "Well Merited Rebukes by the Queens of Society" and "Keeping the Bounder Within Bounds." These citations were made as evidences of the grand manner, as illustrations of the offensive and defensive armor one must wear in good society. Their crisp asperities were noted as contrasts to the vulgar and impossible good nature of such people as the old couple who thought that Botticelli was either a wine or a cheese and the Chicago packer who, after showing a visitor his shelves of books bound in calf, added confidently, "I killed them calves myself."

Now, it is good manners—good society manners—to jab one's acquaintances. It must be so, for it is chiefly the gentler sex that practices it. Without the snub there could be no law and order in the social hierarchy. In their business relations, men can refuse to see each other at all or decline to keep an appointment when the party of the second part is late or cut each other's throat in the competitions of the street. But in the circle from which these illustrations have been drawn many highly objectionable people have right of entrance. The necessary business of trifling them gives the social game half its ardor.

English Trunks.

When the smart girl of today goes out of town for Saturday and Sunday it is not in a suit case that her things are packed. Quite superseding this familiar piece of luggage are small trunks—"boxes," as our English cousins call them—and with reason the same term may be adopted here when speaking of these, for distinctly English is the trunk.

To persons who are much on the other side of the ocean the box is as well known as are suit cases here. Only recently, however, have they been on sale in this country, but so manifestly and many are their advantages as to bring instant popularity. Such a "box" holds twice if not three times as much as a suit case and is easily carried by a porter. It can be put on top of a luncheon or on the box of a cab, and the owner has her luggage with her from the time she leaves home until she returns. There is no checking unless one wishes, for the porter of a drawing room car can stow away the luggage in a corner and put it off at the station for which its owner is destined.

The boxes are about two or two and a half feet deep and two feet the other dimensions. They are built in every way like a trunk and have sufficient depth to hold a big hat, wherein the advantage is great over a suit case. They are covered with black water-proofing, suggestive of patent leather, and the edges are bound in rare, natural colored leather. The straps and lock covering correspond.

On the top is a stout leather handle, and it is by this the box is carried. Even when packed the luggage is light, for the trunk is made of fiber

that weighs scarcely more than paper. At the same time it is durable, so should the box be turned over to the tender mercies of an expressman it will survive the ordeal without more than surface damage.

Within is a tray for small articles or to hold dinner and evening gowns should a big hat go in the bottom. In the latter case small articles are put with the hat.

ECONOMIC MEAT.

A Useful Little Talk With an Expert on the Subject.

The meat supply is ever an important item with the housewife and the best cuts may be provided reasonably if sufficient thought is accorded the subject.

An authority on home dressed meats says:

"Considering a small family partial to beef, choice cuts may be managed for several meals by purchasing a pin bone fairly heavy, about nine or ten pounds. The fillet in such a piece weighs about a pound and is worth about 75 cents. Aside from that, there will be the tender end of the pin bone for roasting, and in it, provided the portion is from good city dressed beef, you have the choicest flavor in the bulk. While the tail end is not quite as tender, it will keep a week in cold weather and can be used advantageously for pot roast or Irish stew."

"Be careful always to buy well seasoned meat, which does not mean stale meat, but meat that has ripened while hanging in a perfectly dry compartment until age has made it tender and sweetened it. Seasoned beef is not discolored, while mutton does change its appearance while ripening and requires from ten days to two weeks for the seasoning process."

"A palatable and economical substitute for calf sweetbreads is the sweetbreads from the bullock, which may be purchased for 35 cents per pound, equaling in quantity and nourishment a dollar's worth of calf sweetbreads. There will be no waste in the preparation of the beef sweetbreads, but they require to be thoroughly cooked."

"Lamb's liver is also an economical food and particularly delicious when young and prepared in fairly thick slices."

"Where a large pot of good stock is wanted the leg is rather expensive. In its place what is commonly called the socket bone is particularly useful because the substance of the two bones with the sweetened meat about them can be procured for from 20 to 30 cents. The piece will be of generous proportions, and the stock may be utilized for soups and consommés from time to time."

HOUSEWIFE HINTS.

Add a half cupful of milk to mush and it will brown much nicer when fried.

Whipped cream served on top of a freshly made squash pie adds much to its appearance and flavor.

A mixture of olive oil and black ink will be found useful to paint the tips of black kid gloves which are slightly worn.

The carving knife and fork should not be put into water. Hold them over the dishpan and rub with the wet dishcloth.

To remove a rusty screw first apply a very hot iron to the head for a short time; then immediately use the screw-driver.

Always save the water in which rice, macaroni or anything of a like nature has been boiled. It is excellent for soups, gravies, etc.

The best polish for engraved silver is whiting and ammonia. It should be applied with a soft brush, then rubbed with chamois or soft cotton cloths.

A mail box fastened to the wall near the kitchen table is a most useful article. Meet bills, grocery bills, etc., that daily come into the house should be dropped into it at once. When pay day comes none will be missing.

A plumbing plant is never to put rock salt in traps. It is true that the salt, by absorbing moisture from the atmosphere, will keep the traps full of liquid, but the strong salt solution will attack brass couplings and trap screws and injure the glaze of porcelain.

GLEANINGS AND GOSSIP

Cleveland and Detroit have already begun to snarl over that new baseball pennant.

A mastodon skeleton has been found on the Koluze river in Alaska. Puzzle: Find the Koluze.

A new York man is complaining because he claims that a girl made him clope with her.

A labor agitator recently threw down a \$3.50-a-day job in a western city hall. He finds it easier to agitate, evidently.

Another martyr has come to light in Ohio. He runs a saloon, and has been arrested for giving away a free lunch.

Chicago has been put to shame. A man from Seattle couldn't find a bed in the city long enough for him to sleep in.

A farmer in New Jersey killed a wild cat with a club the other day. This will make him almost as famous as if he were a presidential guide.

A Delaware preacher is going to Philadelphia to reform it. Delaware has been mighty pious since "Gas" Addicks dropped out of the line light.

The telephones have been taken out of the naval academy at Annapolis because too many girls called up the midshipmen and took up too much of their time.

There is an average of one leg or arm amputated in New York city each day in consequence of accidents caused by surface, elevated or subway cars.

Over 200 pieces of glass have worked their way through the body of a woman in Ohio during the past week. It is thought that she ate a lot of pulverized glass in some of her food.

The chauffeurs driving the cars which claim to be racing from New York to Paris ought to feel happy. The winter in Wyoming has been a mild one and there is only 12 feet of snow there.

A woman in New York has engaged a press agent to keep her name out of the papers. So she is now getting just what she wants, and papers all over the country are printing stories about her.

Mrs. Kathryn Olney, whose home is in a big department house in New York, was in an elevator in the building recently when it dropped 10 stories. Except for a few slight bruises she escaped unhurt.

President Eliot says that the educated young man of today seldom speaks the English language. Well, he's responsible for the education of a lot of them. Hold better place up the English courses as Harvard.

On last Saturday evening while the golden sun was gently thrusting forth its soothing beams, Squire D. F. Bush, pleasantly pronounced the beautiful and heart-wedding phrases that made Mr. Enosh Hubbard and Miss Stella Canady man and wife—Melena correspondence Princeton (N. Y.) Post.

Liverpool is endeavoring to organize a crusade against this, which, says Knowledge, are now admitted to play an important part in the dissemination of disease. Their breeding places in the city have been ascertained, their development history has been carefully worked out, and suggestions are made as to the manner in which their extraordinary rate of multiplication can be readily checked. It will be interesting to know whether the suggestions will be acted upon, and if so, whether any perceptible diminution of these insects in the city will be noticeable next summer.

With the idea of increasing the practical value of the instruction in agriculture at the university of Wisconsin, a two years' course has been arranged to include the maximum amount of scientific and practical work. The present four-years' course in agriculture has been revised with a view to introducing into the first two years a number of subjects bearing directly upon farming, instead of confining the first years of the course, as heretofore, to purely scientific work. Graduation from high school or equivalent preparation will be required for entrance to this new two-years' course, as well as to the present four-years' course. At least six months of practical farm experience will be required for the completion of either of these courses.

Bryan Weak, Says Connors.

Buffalo, N. Y., March 16.—William J. Connors, chairman of the state Democratic committee, says:

"There is considerable sentiment for Governor Johnson in the East. I am of the opinion that either Johnson or Harney would make a stronger run in New York state than Mr. Bryan."

EIGHT KILLED AT NATCHEZ

Gas Blows up a Big Five Story Building

SEVERAL HOUSES BURNED

Bodies Cannot Be Recovered Because of Extreme Heat—All Business Suspended and Natchez Militia on Duty.

Natchez, March 16.—Eight persons were killed, one was severely injured and property valued at many thousands of dollars was wrecked here Saturday by an explosion of gas in the basement of a five-story building occupied by the Natchez drug company, near the business quarter.

The Dead.

Cleve Lanbet.
Mrs. Ketteringham.
Miss Luella Booth.
Lizzie Worthley.
Carrie Murray.
Jesse Nettarville.
Ada White.
Elias Hotchkiss.

John Carlett, 71, suffered fractures of both legs and is not expected to live. The explosion tore away the rear wall of the building, which, in falling, crushed an adjoining tenement building. The wreckage caught fire and a stiff wind carried huge sparks to the north and west, setting fire to 18 residences, seven of which were destroyed. All business has been suspended and the Natchez companies of militia are on duty. Yesterday the work of recovering the bodies buried under great piles of brick and debris began. Owing to the intense heat, this work was impossible Saturday night.

FATAL TRAIN WRECK.

California Express Jumps 40 Foot Bridge in Oklahoma.

Bristow, Okla., March 16.—Two persons were killed, one was probably fatally hurt, seven were severely injured and scores of lives were imperiled yesterday when a St. Louis and San Francisco passenger train, north bound, was wrecked on a high trestle over Spring creek, eight miles west of Bristow, Okla. The locomotive, the baggage and the mail cars and the first coach plunged 40 feet into the river. An iron bolt nut on the track is believed to have caused the wreck.

The Dead.

H. D. Harrison, fireman of Sapulpa, Okla.
W. H. Foster, mail clerk, of Monett, Mo.

Frank Gibson of Texas may die. Engineer Martin went down with the engine, which was struck by the other cars as they fell. Special Agent Thompson of Sapulpa is investigating the cause of the wreck. A party of boys playing in the vicinity of the wreck may have placed a bolt nut upon the track.

WOULD FORCE VENEZUELA.

Attitude of United States With Reference to Claims.

Washington, D. C., March 16.—"There is probably no doubt that Congress would authorize the president to use force in bringing Venezuela to terms, were it not for the fact that the people who have made the trouble have not entirely clean hands themselves."

This statement, made by a high official to The Post Saturday, represents with accuracy the attitude of the United States with reference to the claims of Venezuela.

Responding to the call contained in a resolution introduced by Senator Lodge, the state department is expected to send to the Senate early next week copies of all the correspondence with Venezuela on the question now pending, including the report of Mr. W. J. Calhoun.

MAGAZINE REVIEW.

Health from Sea-water.

Following on the track of Pasteur, the pioneers of the medical profession have in the course of the last few years devised a treatment based on serum injection below the skin, in the case of a number of diseases. So writes Dr. Alfred Gradzewitz in the Technical World Magazine for March.

The formation of a virus or toxin resulting in the disease has in fact been found to be generally attended by the spontaneous production of some acid or antitoxin, and when this is produced by an artificial process, it can be used both for healing the disease, and for immunizing the body against it, if injected in time. The diphtheria sera of Behring and Roux are classical instances of this novel therapy. Though definite results have not so far been obtained with tuberculosis sera, scientists seem to be on the eve of producing an efficient antidote against the bacilli of even this disease. Other instances of serum treatment are the successful experiments on dysentery sera recently made in Austria and France.

While each of these sera is a specific liquid applicable only in the case of a given malady, a French physician, Dr. Rene Quinton of Paris has recently discovered in sea-water a health restoring liquid of quite general effects, and which is entirely independent of any agent resulting in or guarding against given disease. So far from being due to chance, this discovery was the outcome of a philosophical doctrine developed by Dr. Quinton.

The story of Dr. Quinton's experiments and success follows, well illustrated. It is a very interesting article.

The Piano Preferred.

Mrs. Backus—Good morning, sir. Will you take a chair?

Installment Collector—No, thank you, ma'am; I've come to take the piano.—Tit-Bits.

WHEN TRAVELLING be prepared for any emergency. Take along

Sloan's Liniment

It's a penetrating, antiseptic remedy for Toothache, Neuralgia, Sprains, Bruises, Cuts, Burns, Insect Bites and Rusty Nail Scratches.

Price, 25c., 50c., and \$1.00.
Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Boston, Mass.

THE SCRAP BOOK

To Preserve the Illusion.

"Maria," said Mr. Quigley, entering his home in some excitement, "I want want you to promise me not to look at the papers for the next three months."

"What for?" wonderingly asked Mrs. Quigley.

"I have just been nominated for a public office," he faltered, "and I don't want you to find out what kind of a man I really am."—Tit-Bits.

Tar to Color Mortar.

Tar as a coloring material for mortar has been used by a bricklayer in the United States. In erecting a number of brick houses he ran short of black mortar color and used as a substitute some tar which had been partly refined. After a lapse of several years it is claimed that the color is as strong as ever; showing a remarkable newness where the mortar made with usual color will need repainting and pointing up before long.—Engineer.

Slow on the Flannels!

It's true that the weatherman's banner reads something like "Mildsummer Heat." And faithful Thermometer's manner is fervid beyond what's discreet: It's true that the strange atmospheric Distortions pulled off in this spot are hot as a fever enteric— (If that, hap, is hot!)

I'll grant that for those who must work some Close, close to a furnace's lair The temperature is most irksome. The calor too pressing to bear: I'll grant that all proper devices For cooling down moments like these— Like fans and raised windows and ice— Are all to the cheese—

Of course, winter clothes and such weather, In union must fill one with pain, And wool and blood-heat together Could easily drive men insane. Of course, I'd like all to get coolish— But not by that method, I trow! Go slow, there, I beg! 'Twould be foolish To take 'em off now.

—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Carelessness of the Hens.

The Brides had been in their new country house for scarcely a week before the girl who went out to hunt for strictly fresh eggs came back empty handed.

"Where are the eggs, Ellen?" asked Mrs. Bride.

"Sure, mum, Oi couldn't find a wan."